

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1893.

Programme of the Perry County Farmers' Institute, to be held at Rome, Ind., December, 8th and 9th, 1893.

FIRST SESSION, DECEMBER 8TH, FRIDAY, 9 A. M.

Called to order by president, F. M. Polk, of Tobsport.
Song, by Choir.
Prayer, Rev. J. M. Robinson.
Address of Welcome, Rev. H. Groves, Rome.

Permanent Organization.
Public Roads, Peter Feeley, Leopold.
Bees and Honey, Production, Illustrated, E. Collins, Carmel.

Winter Care of Milk-Cows, C. A. Robinson, Fountaintown.
How to Utilize Our Wild Lands, Hon. H. Groves, Rome.

Introduction, announcements and assigning hotels and adjourn to 1 p. m.

SECOND SESSION, DECEMBER 8TH, FRIDAY, 1 P. M.

MUSIC.
Clover and How to Make the Most of It, John Sterrett, Skillman, Ky.
Tillage and Soil Fertility, E. H. Collins.
The Value of Small Fruits, C. A. Robinson.

Profits in Short-horn Cattle, P. Smith, Prospero.
Butter Making.

MUSIC AND RECITATION.
Potato Culture, (The best kind to grow), How to market, Does it pay?
H. Shank, Rome.

Farm Machinery, J. H. Groves, Rome.
The Culture of Flowers in the Home, Miss Josie Schank, Rome.

Query Box.
THIRD SESSION, DECEMBER 8TH, FRIDAY, 7 P. M.

MUSIC.
Business Methods in Farming, E. H. Collins.
Can a Farmer afford to have a Garden, C. A. Robinson.

The Horse for the Farmer, Its Breeding and Rearing, Jno. Cody, Rome.
MUSIC AND RECITATION.

Raising Chickens, Miss Cora Wade, Rome.
Economy in Making Hay, Q. K. Groves, Tobsport.

Botany on the Farm, Miss Ida Baker, Rome.
Commercial Fertilizers, W. F. Eitelgeorge, Rome.

Bread Making, Mrs. D. L. Schank, Rome.
Profits in Jersey Cattle, A. W. Walker, Branchville.

FOURTH SESSION, DECEMBER 9TH, SATURDAY, 9 A. M.

MUSIC.
Profits on a Hill, J. N. Dodson, Tell City.
Make Home Attractive, Smith McCallister, Bristow.

Farm Fences, C. A. Robinson.
Potato Culture, E. H. Collins.

MUSIC AND RECITATION.
The Clover Crop, C. A. Robinson.
Make Home Attractive, Mrs. H. L. Schank, Rome.

Select Corn, H. W. Carman, Cloverport.
Profits in Small Fruits and Kind to Grow, R. W. Polk and J. D. Cockrell, Tobsport.

Preparing Stock for Market, Hon. W. E. Minor, Adair, Ky.
FIFTH SESSION, DECEMBER 9TH, SATURDAY, 1 P. M.

MUSIC.
Care of a Rolling Clay Farm, C. A. Robinson.
The Preparation of a Seed Bed, E. H. Collins.

The Fowls the Farmer Should Raise, A. W. Cummings, Derby.
What Varieties of Apples Should We Plant, W. S. Ashby, Cloverport.

Should a Farmer's Wife Raise Flowers, Mrs. J. J. Wheeler, Rome.
Necessity of Organization Among Farmers, C. A. Robinson.

Education of Farmer's Boys, Prof. Weedman, Cannelton.
Practical Experience and Profits in Tile Draining, Dr. Butler, Troy.

SIXTH SESSION, DECEMBER 9TH, SATURDAY, 7 P. M.

MUSIC.
What I Know About Farming, T. E. Huston, Cannelton.
Corn Culture on Clay Soil, C. A. Robinson.

Recitation, F. A. Evans, Tell City.
How to Reclaim a Worn-out Farm, J. F. Wheeler, Rome.

Boys and Girls on the Farm, C. A. Robinson.
MUSIC.
Literature for Farmers, Mrs. I. L. Whitehead, Rome.

How to Pick, Pack and Ship or Market Small Fruits, N. B. Sanders, Tobsport.
Elections and selecting place for next year's Institute.
Query Box.

PINCHECOE.

Lincoln Smith Fills Up With Bad Whisky and Makes a Raid On a Big Revival Meeting.

A TERROR TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

Other parts of Hancock county besides Hawesville seem to be infested with desperadoes and law-breakers. On last Tuesday night Lincoln Smith and his pals filled themselves up on "kill-em-quick" whisky and proceeded to Friendship church in the back part of the county, which is now the scene of a big revival, with the express intention of raising a row. During services they disturbed the minister and congregation by boisterous, loud talking and at intervals would leave the church to take a drink from a large bottle Smith carried in his pocket. After the meeting had closed Smith laid in wait for one Basham, against whom he held an old grudge, armed with a knife that would make an Italian stiletto blush from a sense of inferiority, and when he discovered that he had missed him made a mad rush through a crowd of women and children, uttering demon-like yells and oaths that frightened them half to death. Basham had armed himself with a regular Irish sheshal and gone peacefully home. Basham is a good, law-abiding citizen and highly respected farmer. Smith didn't find Basham and no further trouble occurred. Lincoln Smith has for the last few years made a business of attending protracted meetings, or in fact church services of any kind and breaking them up with his rowdy actions. He was released just a short time ago from the Ohio county jail at Hartford, where he served a term for an offense, the nature of which was the same as that of last Tuesday night. Such scape-goats as he, who are such demons, and terrors to their neighborhood, should be dealt with more severely by the law within its toils. Any man who has no more respect for himself, or his friends and family than to take a delight in disturbing religious worship, is not as good as the "yaller" dog that follows the average farmer to mill.—Hancock Clarion.

A Good Thing to Keep at Hand.

From the Troy (Kansas) Chief.

Some years ago we were very much subject to severe spells of cholera morbus; and now when we feel any of the symptoms that usually proceed that ailment, such as sickness at the stomach, diarrhoea etc., we become scared. We have found Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy the very thing to straighten out in such cases, and always kept it as high as we could get it. We are not writing this for a testimonial, but to let our readers know what is a good thing to keep handy in the house. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and Witt & Meador, Harboursburg.

ELIZABETHTOWN

(NEWS)

It is reported here among railroad people that the L. & N. will shortly dispose of that part of the Cecilian Branch between West Point and Louisville to the Texas Road either by sale or lease.

Jackson's store at St. John's was broken into one day last week and a few articles of small value were stolen.

Revs. J. C. Willett and Ben Hagan have closed a meeting at Muldraugh with thirteen additions to the church.

Arbor Day was observed by the College boys and over forty pretty shade trees were set out on the beautiful Campus.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees Monday night the two banks of the town offered to compromise the tax question by paying on the basis of 70 per cent of their capital stock and surplus. The bank men took the position that this was as high as the other property of the town was valued and they ought not to be made to pay on full cash valuation and other property assessed at one-half or two-thirds of its value. The trustees admitted to the logic of this position and agreed to accept seventy per cent, which the banks acceded to.

HAWESVILLE

(CLIPPING)

New corn is selling at 35 cents per bushel on this market.

Six months from this date this county will be "billed" with local politics. Thus one election is no sooner over than another is on hand warmer than its predecessor.

Mrs. Stephen Baker, the wife of section Foreman Baker, who had charge of this division of the road from its construction until a year ago, died at her home in Henderson Saturday evening.

Circuit Clerk R. T. Chambers has completed a transcript in the case of Hennen against the "Texas" Ry., to be sent to the Court of Appeals that covers 214 pages.

Simms Thomas has been assigned by Collector Powers to a position at Marion Crittenden county. It is said to be one of the best places in the district.

The new factory was dedicated in splendid last night. The Jackson string band gave a grand ball and the loveliness of creation was apparently dumped a few rods south of the depot. The building was appropriately sent on its mission of good by having a bottle of wine smashed over it's nose at the hands of the most beautiful young lady in town, while within a dude ruined an eleven dollar pair of pants by sitting on a bottle of whisky.

Just the Time.
Jack—How would it do for me to speak to your father tonight?
Jens—Best time in the world. He got the bill for my new bonnet just before we started for our drive.—Exchange.

Bound to Give a Nap.
Conductor (having him a shake)—Tickets!
Sleeping Suburbanite (pushing his hand away)—No, you don't, Maria! If you want that baby walked with, you can walk with him yourself. I'm going to get some sleep tonight, by jinks, if I miss 50 trains!—Chicago Tribune.

Efforts to domesticate the quail have been persisted in by many people, but generally with indifferent results. Robert Jenkins of Richmond, Ind., however, claims to have recently tamed a brood of quail, who live on his premises, showing no indication that they prefer the woods and fields.

London has a new organization, whose name indicates fully its purpose. It is called the National Society for the Checking of Abuses of Public Advertisements.

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A MAN IN PETTICOATS

THE QUEER NOTION OF AN OLD SOLDIER CITIZEN OF MAINE.

He Has a More Costly Feminine Wardrobe Than Any Woman in Town—Visions of Lace, Ribbons, Etc.—Weighs 180 Pounds, but Wears a Woman's No. 6 Shoe.

Commander James Robbins of the local post G. A. R., Cooper's Mills, Lincoln county, in this state, is one of the prominent men of his community, a citizen generally esteemed as a man of integrity and intelligence. Mr. Robbins has a brilliant war record as a member of the Thirtieth Maine. He has lived in the village since 1888 and is a jeweler. His house is a neat cottage house on the brow of the hill as one drives into the Mills. In the narrow front hallway is Mr. Robbins' bench, lathe and tools, and here you will find him placidly working away at the tiny wheels and springs.

If you are on sufficiently intimate terms with Mr. Robbins you will find him indulging in his hobby. He has one, like the most of us. In his case the hobby is startlingly picturesque, and it may be safely said that he is the most original man in the state of Maine, so far as his curious fancy is concerned. He wears petticoats. Not when he goes down street for the mail and to do his marketing. At these times he slips on the masculine pantaloons. Yet he does not wear his trousers, even his ordinary undersuit. No suspenders for him. He wears a sort of dress waist, and his trousers are buttoned tightly about his hips. He always wears a woman's number six shoe, with high heels and graceful, slender shape. Mr. Robbins weighs something like 180 pounds, and the effort produced by those sheeping clogs out from beneath manly trouser legs is startling, to say the least. Mr. Robbins doesn't mind or to do, and his shoes seem to fit him pretty well.

He reserves his petticoats for the sanctity of the home circle, for the partial retirement of his orchard and for calls upon neighbors with whom his acquaintance is close. Mr. Robbins isn't squeamish about showing himself in petticoats. He enjoys wearing them, he has worn them when opportunity has presented all his life long, and he wears them scientifically to this day. In the first place, there's no half way business about it. Every detail of feminine attire is there, and Mr. Robbins is rightly fussy about the details.

There is no woman in Cooper's Mills who owns so many dresses of such excellent material as does the commander of the Cooper's Mills post. He takes pride in having only the best. His lingerie is elaborately tucked and ruffled, edged with lace and fashioned according to the most approved models of any lady's wardrobe. The material is of the finest quality, and when Mr. Robbins lifts his skirts the eye gets a vision of ruffles, lace and "all such like" of dazzling whiteness and immaculate smoothness.

He is very particular about his ironing. Everything must be starched "up to the handle," whatever that is, and sometimes Mrs. Robbins finds her hands full and her clotheshorse loaded down like a pack donkey. Amazed neighbors, who were not fully aware of the extent of Mr. Robbins' hobby, have been obliged to ask for more details, when Mrs. Robbins has laughingly informed them that "it is Jim's ironing." Mr. Robbins' hobby is of the long sort, and it is currently rumored that the stockings are hitched up at the sides. His corsets he has made especially for his girth, and these he wears continually. His shape is fairly good, especially when he dresses up for afternoons.

In the morning he wears print gowns, for he assists in the housework. Almost every morning Mr. Robbins in his print gown is seen sweeping off the piazza and whisking about the kitchen. He wears petticoats at home almost exclusively, putting on his gaiters as soon as he enters the house. For afternoon wear his gowns are elaborate. Some of them are made by Mr. Robbins, and some are fashioned by local dressmakers. One cashmere dress is quite a favorite, and this is frequently worn by Mr. Robbins when he promenades in the orchard. He has lots of these good clothes, all of fashionable cut, puffed sleeves, and with all the fixings that go to lend grace and dignity. Usually he wears an apron and especially so when at his bench. The apron is white ordinarily and has a bib with ruffled straps and pockets. Therefore does Mr. Robbins present a somewhat unique appearance as he works away afternoons or sits and converses with his wife.

Look at the gown and you see a stylishly attired woman, but the face is very manly indeed. Mr. Robbins would be marked in any crowd. His face is full, and he wears a jet black mustache that possibly owes its color to art. His hair is long, black and curly, his voice is deep and full, and there's nothing effeminate about him except his attire.—Leviaton Journal.

Soapstone In China.
The Chinese in utilizing soapstone, which is found in their country in large quantities, make of it trays for pens, slabs for rubbing ink, flower vases, incense boxes, sandal wood burners, flower baskets, candlesticks, chessmen, cups, bowls and lamps, all sorts of emblems, animals and the idols which the disciples of Confucius revere with so much fervor.

A Hard Problem.
A certain debating society is discussing the question as to which is the angrier—the husband who goes home and finds that the dinner is not ready or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband does not come home. It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.—Warrington's Magazine.

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DESCRIBE YOUR FRIEND.

And Then See How Well Your Picture Will Fit Scores of Others.

"He was a young man and fairly good looking; smooth face and without glasses; wore a dark suit; was about 5 feet in height and looked like a married man. Anybody would know him." Such was the description turned in by a young woman who slipped quietly into the city editor's office and wanted to advertise for Chalmers. It appeared that Chalmers had left home, and nobody knew why, and this young woman had faith that her recital of his personal traits would bring him back. It was a good example of the average person's power of description of a fellow being.

It is totally inadequate! Though man be feeble and wonderfully made, there seems to be an unaccountable inability in nine persons out of every ten to give a creditable word picture of any one whom they have seen. Because we understand the looks of a person when we meet them, it never occurs to the mind that other people do not grasp a thorough idea of his appearance with a few passing phrases of description.

Your friend comes in, and you expound to him that such and such a man has just called for him, but almost invariably your exposition is a jumbled lot of phrases which apply to the human race in general.

The other day when I rushed into my office room with a column story on the end of my tongue—or at the tip of my pen, to be more accurate—I was given this greeting:

"Hello! A man has just been in to see you."

"What did he look like?"

"Oh, he was a good looking fellow—not very tall, rather heavy, but not too much."

"Was he old or young?"

"About 20 or 25, I should say."

"What color of hair?"

"I don't remember now. However, I don't think he had a mustache."

"How dressed?"

"Oh, just an ordinary business suit."

Have you ever heard such a description? If not, watch yourself next time you tell of some one's call. You will be surprised to find that your description would fit almost any member of the human race.

Why is it?

I don't know. We read in books that it's because we don't cultivate the habit of intelligent observation.

There was once a boy who learned how to describe what he saw. Every morning he was sent by his father to walk rapidly by an elegantly arranged window, and then afterward to repeat to him all the things he saw at this one glance at the panorama and to describe them. At first the lad could remember but few things that his eye may have caught in the passing glance, but in time he could remember almost everything in a show window by merely seeing it once.—Boston Herald.

At the Manicure's.

The manicure with the golden hair was bending over the hand of a new customer.

"Do you want your hands bleached?" she asked.

"Yes."

She applied the bleach, using more than the ordinary quantity upon the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. After working for about five minutes she stopped and said:

"It is always difficult to remove nicotine with the first application."

"Wh-a-a?" gasped the society girl, elevating her eyebrows. "Nicotine? What do you mean?"

The cigarettes, you know," replied the manicure, "it's perfectly awful how they stain the fingers, isn't it?" And she smiled a smile that even the society girl couldn't resist. That made them friends, and they fell to discussing the different brands of cigarettes. And when the job was done the society girl whispered:

"What'll take the stain off?"

"Use lemon juice—I do—we all do."

"Thanks."—New York Herald.

About Opals.

The prejudice against opals appears to be disappearing. Anyhow they are popular. There are several varieties of opals and therefore several degrees of merit. The precious, or noble, or oriental opal is the supreme. This has all the colors, and when these colors are broken into spangles it is then called the harlequin opal. Then comes the fire opal, or girasol, with hyacinth red and yellow reflection. The former comes from Hungary, the latter from Mexico. The common, or commonish, or commonest, the hydropneum, or opalus mundi, is contraindicated, but becomes so by immersion in water or any transparent fluid. The echalot is nearly opaque and of a bluish white color. The lyallite is colorless, pellucid and white. The opal jasper or wood opal is the petrification of wood, opalescent, but without the coloring which makes the "noble" gem so precious.—Chicago Tribune.

Working For a Holiday.

An Englishman stopping at one of the hotels was commenting upon the extreme restlessness and incessant go of Americans. He said, "You Americans have such a beastly idea of the compensation of work."

"What do you mean?" questioned a Pittsburgher standing near by.

"Oh, you people work for money," was the explanation.

"I don't see anything beastly about that," was the retort. "May I ask for what reason Englishmen work?"

"Why, we work for our holiday," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Vienna.

Vienna is of nearly circular form, being 12 miles in circumference. The old city, or city proper, is, however, scarcely three miles round. It was formerly enclosed by fortifications. Immediately outside of these was a wide esplanade called the Glacis, which has been elegantly built up and is called Ringstrasse, one of the most splendid streets in the world.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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